

VOLUME ONE NUMBER TWO

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IN THIS ISSUE:

HAREM GIRL'S TORMENT

PUNISHED INTO CLIMAX!

BEG FOR MERCY, BITCH!

SHE HAD NOTHING LEFT TO BARGAIN WITH!

BOUND FOR GLORY

FEMININE FINGERS BIND, HURT AND LOVE!

HIGH STRUNG

SUSPENDED AND WHIPPED!

KNOT GUILTY

SHE PAYS FOR HER TRANSGRESSION!

ADULTS ONLY!



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EDITORIAL:

It has been said that some are born to greatness, and that others have greatness thrust upon them. This is true of Bondage. Forgetting, for the moment, the vast army whose recollections of captivity go back to earliest memory we may examine those other influences that make bondage an integral part of life whether we seek it or not.

There were the pictures! There is significance in the fact itself of their existence. Someone drew or painted them: those lovely pictures of the girl in chains. At first one turned the leaf. But an evocative memory would bring your fingers back to the page and you would look and wonder. You did not know then why you wondered. You knew only that you had made a discovery of an intangible you could not name. There was the girl: she was chained or she was bound. She might even be peering through prison bars. She was like other girls, yet you returned to her again and again. At first not knowing why, until the realization dawned that you beheld beauty. That because of her captivity she was more than other girls could be. Like the configuration of the Gestalt she was greater than the sum total of her parts. Held by her cord or by her chain she touched your heart.

After that it was always so. The Maiden in Distress was beautiful.

Even as a captive of the law her bondage had its own appeal. The officer who turns his captive around and snaps those shining bands of steel upon her wrists may not know what beauty he has wrought or what responses in the mind to her enslavement.

And History! How fruitful History is in reference and allusion. How rich in incident. Was ever maid more appealing than Joan of Orleans bound against her stake! How centuries have loved that scene! How many minds have returned to it with brush and pen, and not the stake alone, for Joan was beautifully and pictorially chained within her cell to the point in which her martyrdom almost seems coincidental against her bonds.

There is an army of the bound. Our childhood saw them all and each one etched its impression on the mind. Bodacia behind the Roman chariot, proud in her chains before her captors. Beatrice Cenci scorning her judges and straining against her ropes. The pirate's captive bound against the mast to await his pleasure, or perhaps to walk the plank. We loved them all, and from them we learned the most important thing. The ultimate beauty is the captive girl in chains.

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REMEMBER, WHEN YOU TURN THE PAGE YOU'RE ENTERING A FANTASY WORLD. IF YOU'RE DOING IT FOR REAL, EXERCISE CAUTION! WILLING PARTNERS ARE TOO PRECIOUS TO HURT WITH A THOUGHTLESSLY PLACED ROPE!



Bound For Glory

"Stop fussing, Pet. You know you adore it."

"I don't! I don't! Oh, Glory, not with wire! It hurts awful."

"You look sweet and delicious. I could eat you, Allie love. The wire's perfect. You can't get loose. It's supposed to hurt. Makes you behave."

"But, Glory darling, I haven't done anything. Not to deserve this."

"Yes you have, Pet. Just being Allie is enough. You provoke my lust."

"Glory, don't be horrid. Just look at those wires, they're way deep into me. Don't use pliers. Oh Glory, not my neck! Please not my neck. Oh, oh ...!"







"You're perfect when you beef, Pet. See, You daren't struggle against the wire. It's perfect too. Yes, I know it hurts. It's going to hurt more with your hands up. There! You look sweet! Now off with the slip. Naughty, naughty! No bra, and just that scrap of nothing on your puss. Lovely!"

"Glory, let me down! Owwww! Oh gee, just for a moment. Ohhhh!"

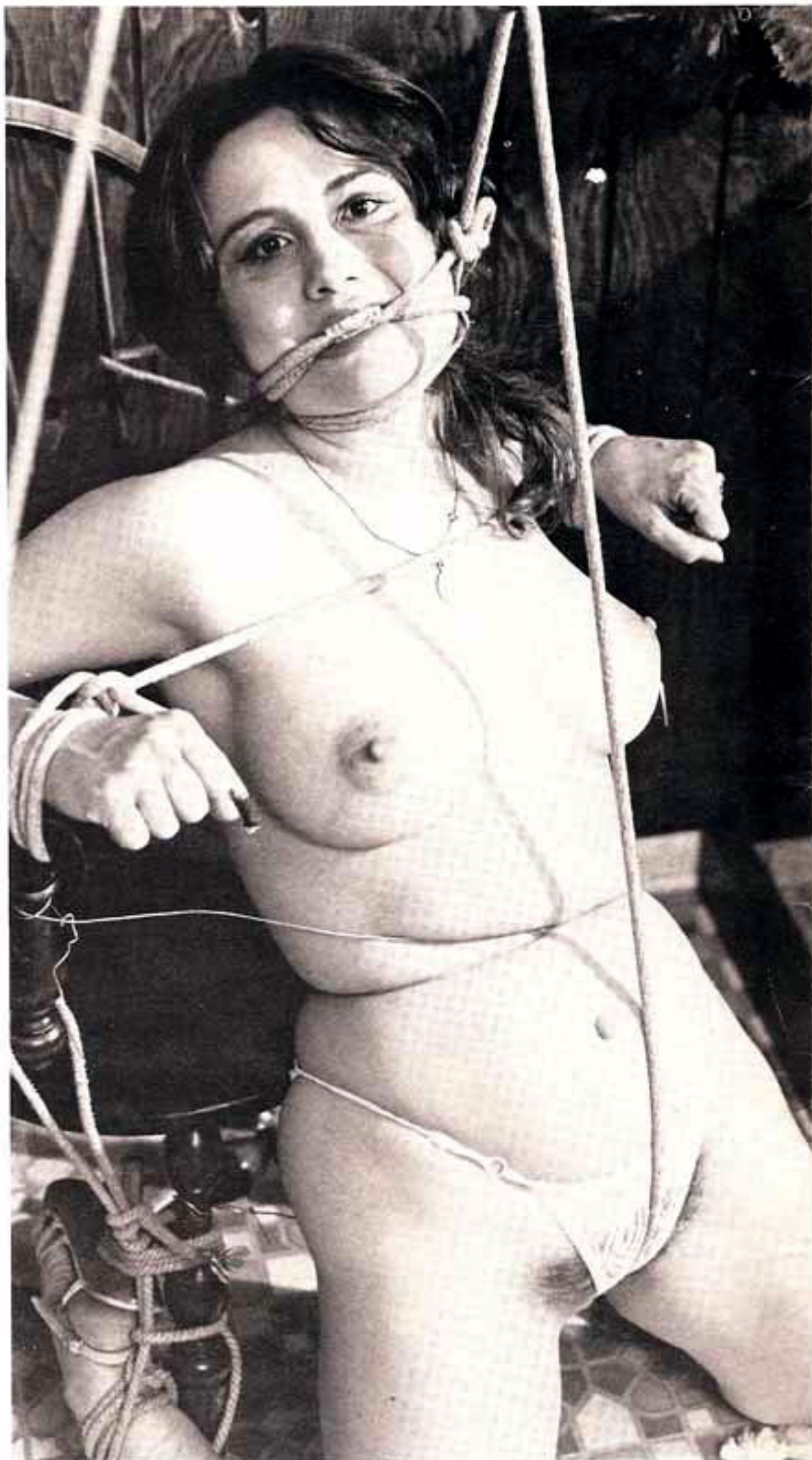




"I'm being terribly sweet, Allie. I should have let the wire cut your wrists. This is more comfortable than you deserve. You look lovely on your knees - yes, they'll hurt too. It's so handy to have you naked,"

"Ohhhh! Glory, please don't gag me. That rope hurts my lips. And no, oh no! Not between my legs. Not up in my, my ... my ... Ugggg!"

"Up in your pussy cat, love. Why not! It is flooding, you know. A nice rope well in will act as a dam. I can pull it nice and tight with the tackle. There! You look incredible. That wire deep in your tummy is pure art. I'm glad I thought of that. And the wire weals in your thighs! Oh, darling, you're just too beautiful! Here, I'll tighten everything."







"Struggle, Allie darling. Watching you struggle against that wire and those ropes makes me horny. And now I've got something special for my little girl's beautiful bouncing boobs. I've made a harness . . ."

"Alright, Pet, if you're going to make those noises I'll tape your lips. This new tape looks super, there, and there. Clench your lips while I press. This rope out of your twat - I'll have to hang it out to dry! That's right, little darling, heave and twist all you like while I tighten your breast har-

ness. Watch those lovely boobs blossom. See, they're like melons. They even shine. And those nips! They're positive bull's eyes, like the rubber teats on babies bottles. Aren't you proud?"

"Oh sure, I know those ropes above your elbows bite. But think of the simply gorgeous weals they're going to indent into your flesh. We'll call them 'Glory Marks'." But, oh darling, those breasts! They're giving me the wickedest notions. You know, a pin or a pair of scissors!"

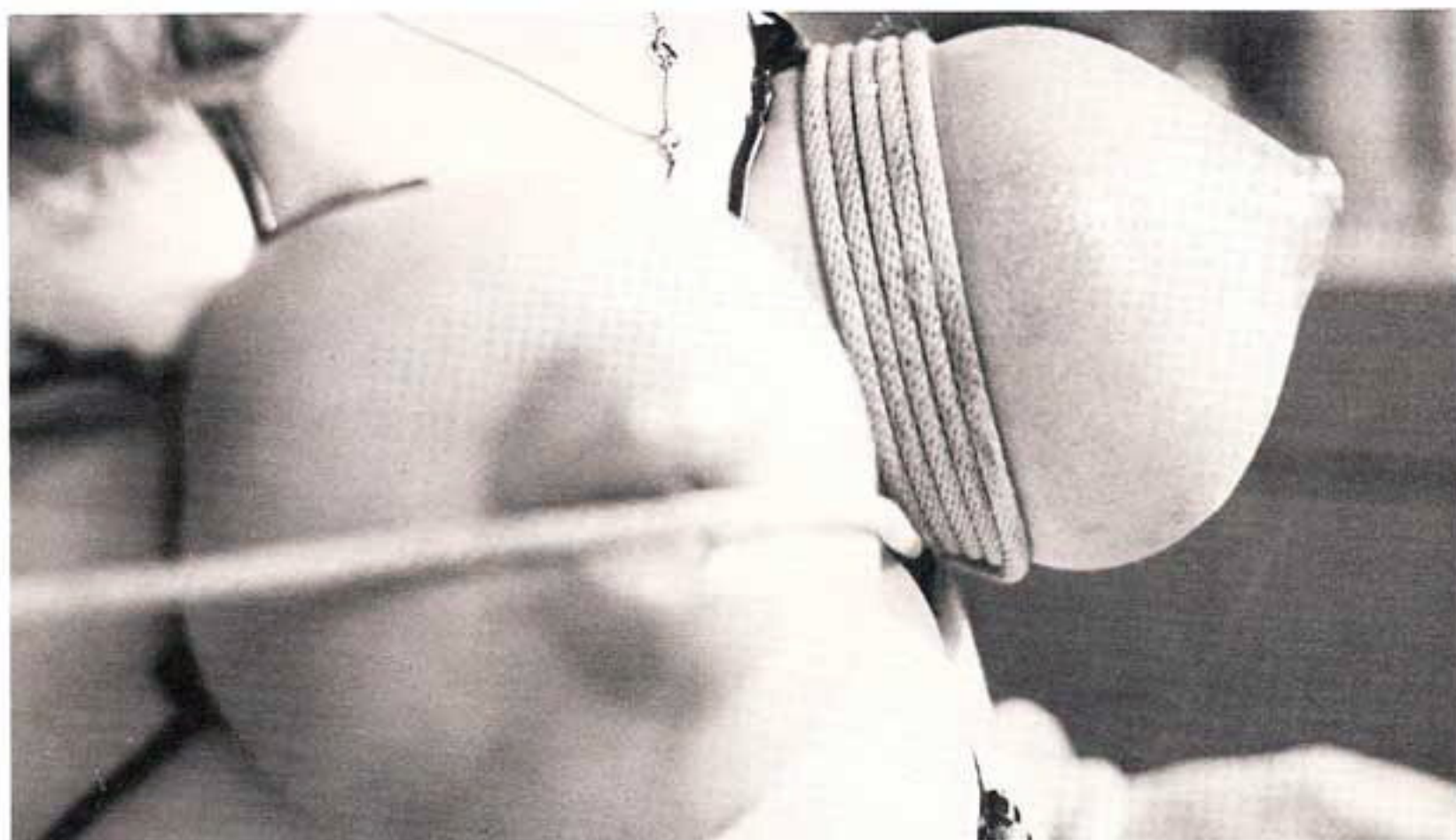


"Oh, Allie darling, I should take a picture. You look so hurt and helpless and female. I'd love to keep you in that harness forever. Just imagine walking around all the time with it under your dress instead of a bra. We'd both be having orgasms all over the place. I've just had my second now, and I've the loveliest idea. If I wind this rope round the base of your breast and pull it tighter and tighter, and then another strand beside it, and another. . .! See, it's working! Your boobs are ready to burst. I've never seen nips like yours. It's your areolas; They're like small extra breasts on the tips of your boobs. Oh, Allie, I'm going to have the hardest time letting you loose. I'm not sure I ever can. I want you like that always. You're almost climaxing - here, let me help. My hand will smell of you for a week. Here, I'll rub a little on your nose so you can share. Isn't it a twat twitcher! Oh darling, darling, darling. . .!"

"You look so pathetic, sweets. You're trying to guess what I'll do to you next, I can tell. You're a bit scared, too. That's good. You'll be such an obedient girl. The marks I'm putting on you will last at least a week, they ought to help. I wish you could see yourself. This ring on the harness below your breasts is super the way I'm going to tie it. With the ropes through it to the front of the chair arms it tightens and tugs your tied breasts as well as pulling you forward against the bondage on your arms and neck. You can't even struggle now, can't you! But your eyes do it all for you. They plead and plead. And they wonder. Oh, Allie, oh, oh!"









"Darling, I'll pull that rope off your tit. It spoils the effect. I'm almost scared they're going to burst, they're so distended. That rope binding round their base is the real thing. I'm going to do it to you again for sure. And now, with your feet still tied, I'll let the rest of you loose. You can take the gag off. Think, sweetheart, you can touch you breasts - I'll swear they've grown. Oh, Allie, you're beautiful!"



BOOK REVIEW



CAPTIVE OF THE PRIORY

"If it was any more erotically female I couldn't bear it. Campbell contrives an amazing blend of cruelty and love."

"The manner in which the heroine strives to rationalize her bondage is extremely well done. I could almost feel her tussle with her cords."

Certainly in this latest book F. E. Campbell exhibits that same empathy with the bound female that has made his other books famous. The reader feels their agonies and shares their shames in a way that makes a Campbell book an experience in sensuality.

"The Captive of the Priory" is published by the House of Milan who were also the discoverers of this fresh genius in the depiction of bound females and maidens in chains. No one in the history of bondage literature has approached the subject with the same sympathy and depth of involvement as does F. E. Campbell. One wonders about him (or her)! How easy to believe that if she is indeed a woman she has felt the lash.

The comments given at the head of the page are typical of a flood of approval that reaches the publisher in a steady flow. There is refreshment in these new novels, in that no matter how erotic or how cruel their characters may be, they are always in good taste and follow the author's stated precept that "girls are beauty!" This same sense of beauty is in every page of all he writes. It is abundantly evident in this story of the girl, Hyacinth, and her fellow captives within the walls of the ancient edifice controlled and staffed by dedicated women who are neither Mistress or Nun, but who gather unto themselves all the dignity and poise of both, and who in addition exhibit a genius for the punishment of girls quite unsurpassed.

"Captive of the Priory" centers around the story of a single girl, but she has many companions of varying ages and temperaments who, like herself, have been sent to and placed within the care and authority of the stern yet understanding sisters who will shape their lives. The Priory is no soulless institution of purely punitive intent. It's Sisters and the wise Mother Superior wield their canes and ply their whip with the same kindly forethought they have used in the placement of chain and cord on youthful female flesh.

Within this pulsatingly female atmosphere Hyacinth wends her sometimes unwilling way towards an understanding she had not originally glimpsed, a maturity of pain and punishment she would once have scorned.

Woven into the framework of this narrative is the pathetic and amusing character of Sergeant Pennyfeather, the general factotum whose many accomplishments and duties include the striping of young feminine buttocks as a correction for their misdeeds. For a girl to be sent to the good Sergeant for the strength of a male arm on whip or cane, was an ordeal little relished by the inmates of The Priory. Yet, even in this unusual character, the girls found frequently enough surprises and shocks and even pleasure, far beyond the basic intent of their visits to his tool shed and its strange accouterments.

A reader offers the following: "The Priory is too good to stop at one volume. It simply MUST continue. Hyacinth and the incredible Mignon are two girls I never want to lose. They are the essence of the word female."

"The Captive of the Priory" wends its way through an endless pathway of pain in which girls are bound naked for an infinity of punishments and sometimes pleasure . . .



All F. E. Campbell paperbacks are available for \$3.20 each postpaid - HOUSE OF MILAN CORP., Box 24080, L.A., Ca. 90024 USA - (State your age)



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BEG FOR MERCY, BITCH!



She was beautiful. She was sleek and svelt. She was bound. She was scared. She had been tied and made helpless by The Man. He had no name, nor did he need one. He was her Master. The cords made him so.

At the start she had pleaded. The words had formed themselves. "Please don't hurt me. Please, what do you want? I'll do anything, anything at all, but don't tie me up. I'm afraid of being tied, of not being able to move." She had looked up into his eyes and offered everything, or what she thought was everything. "If you want to . . . to fuck me I'll lay down and spread my legs. Please! Please . . . I'll be nice to you."

But he had said nothing; just looked at her gravely and tied her very tight. Daphne had never been tied before; it was a new experience. She wished he was a friend so that she could share her sensations. But he was not a friend. His ropes hurt her. She knew he meant them to. In her pleading she tried to be polite. She said "Please" every time so he'd know she was not looking down her nose at him as just a burglar or a thug or a kidnapper. Daphne realized with surprise she did not know which of these he was, or that maybe he was none of them. "I'm very nice to screw," she offered. "I'll be ever so kind. Please untie me."

It was while he was gagging her that Daphne realized she had nothing to offer. He could violate her sex anytime he wished. Her cunt was no longer hers with which to bargain.







The Man was sexless. He did not touch the brief triangle of her absurd panties. His restraint was frightening. If he did not want her cunt, what did he want? In Daphne's experience her cunt was the beginning and the end. She had wished this was not so, but now she fervently wished it was. If he did not wish to impale her pubic lips, what did he want!

"You testified in court against my brother," he said tonelessly. "Do you remember, Bitch?"

Daphne remembered. She remembered all too well. It explained her torture. The Man was making her pay a debt as he saw it, a debt she did not owe. She fought the gag. She lunged against the cords on wrist and ankle. She tried vainly to close her gaping legs and to hide her pouting breasts. But they were hers no longer, they belonged to The Man.

"Seven years." The Man said. "Seven years to pay for."

If only she could speak! To reason, to defend herself. But she could not. The appeal in her wide eyes met only a blank and accusing stare. Her bare breasts should have softened him, or diverted his purpose from revenge to lust. The black triangle she wore across her furry sex should have had that same effect. But The Man ignored both. Such glances as he gave to them portended something quite different from what Daphne would so willingly have offered. As the Man stretched and wracked her semi-nudity, the captive girl knew herself lost. She moaned in desolation.

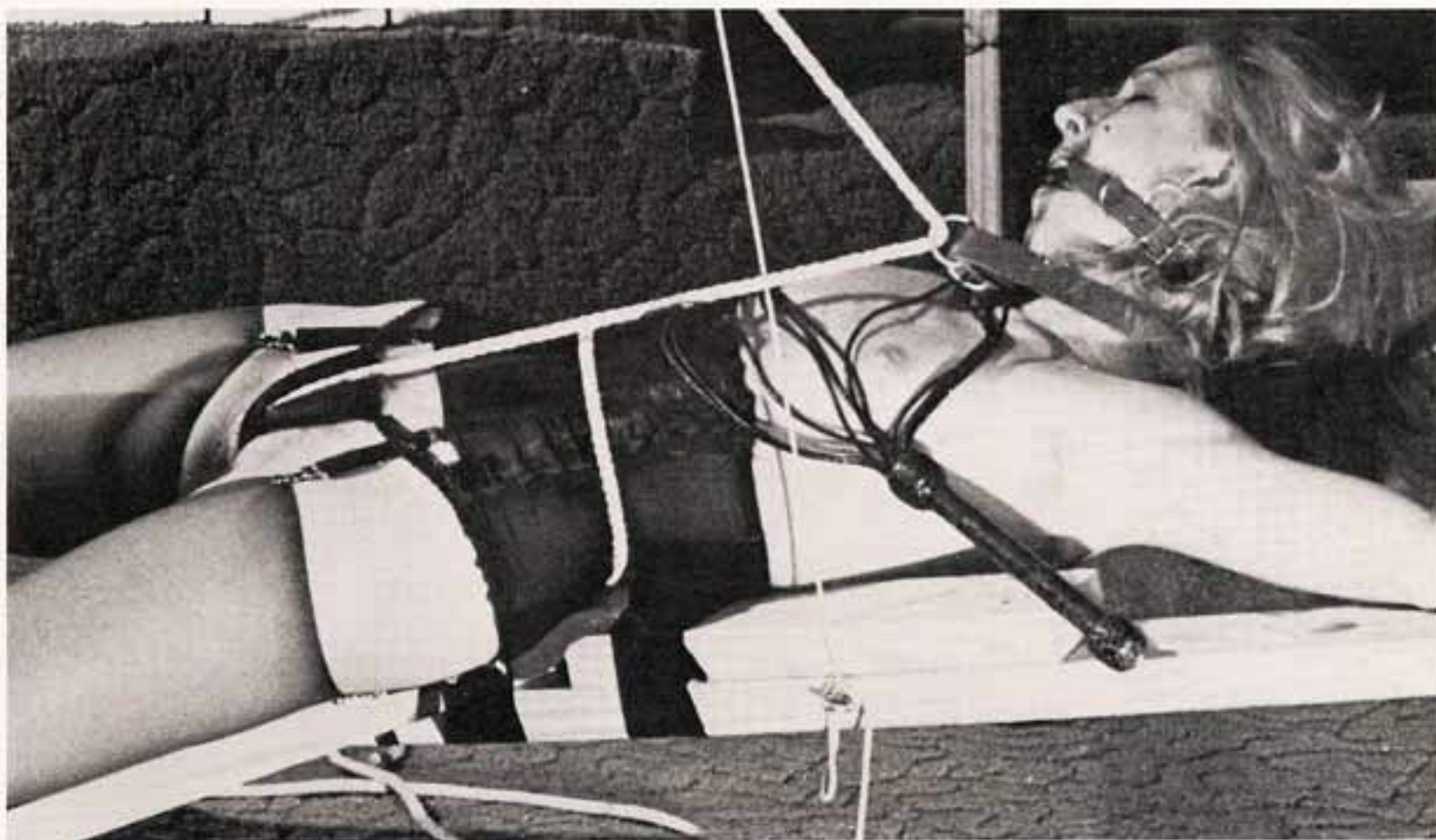






Spread horizontally upon the 'X' Daphne knew hope. If she could but arouse his lust. Or if he himself so exposed her that his phallus took the place of pride, she might yet emerge unscathed. Daphne knew well the ephemeral nature of a man's emotions once his sperm had been planted in her sheath. The act of impregnation dissolved all traumas, made revenge a sad and sorry substitute for the glories of a woman's flesh. But her hope died with the cruel and searching rope between her legs. A man in rut does not seal the entry for his need. Daphne moaned in hopelessness as the coarse strand found her sex and entered it as might a mating male. Cinched tight the bitter stricture endowed her with a strange new fear in which was intermixed a female passion such as she had never known. Was it possible for the woman herself to lust whilst under the painful subjugation of the Male! In bitter defeat, Daphne knew it to be true.



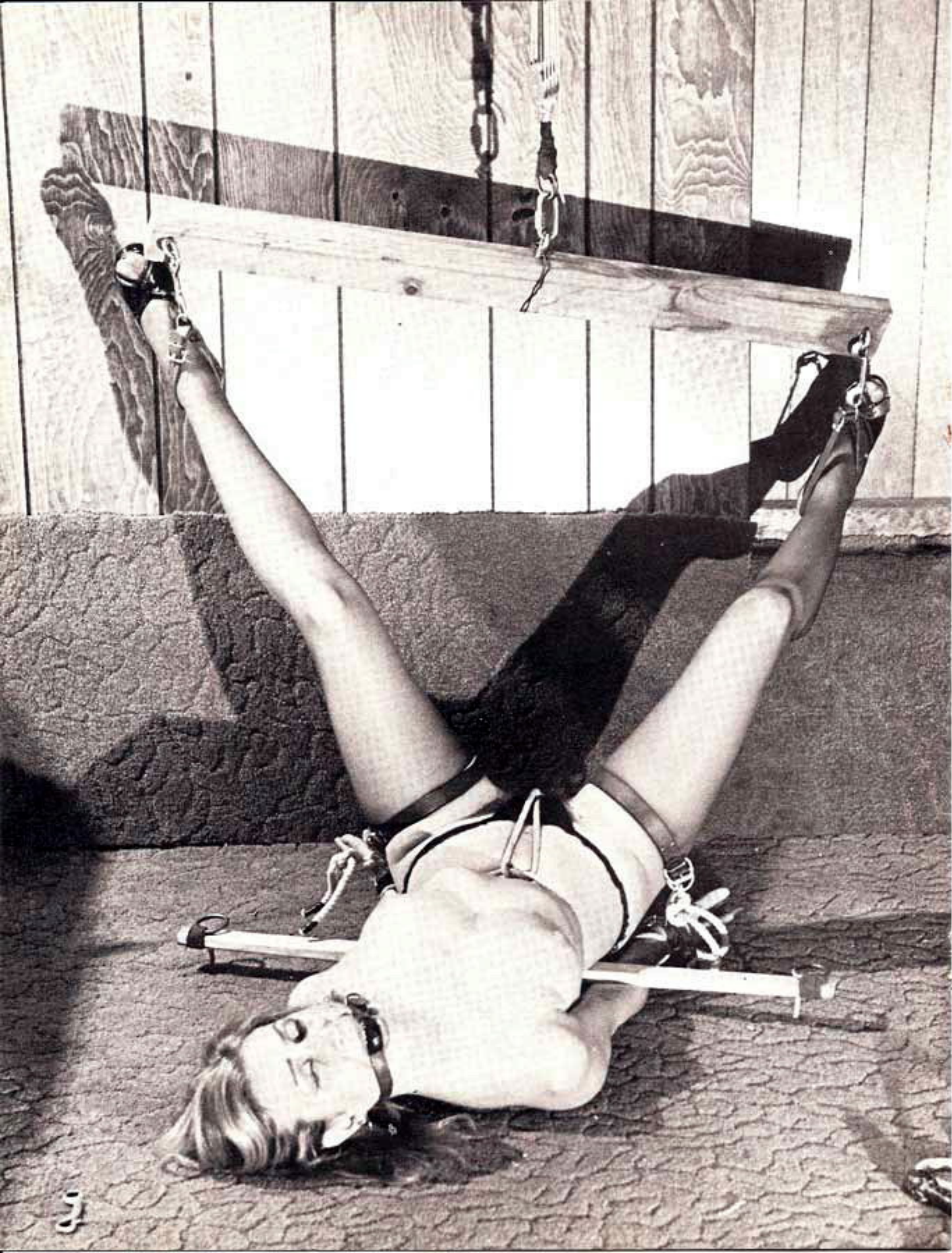






Her near nudity should have stemmed the tide of his anger, but it failed. Daphne knew herself beautiful, her body ripe and lush and to be much desired. It was unthinkable that it be used simply as a receptacle for pain and for revenge. Men had desired her. From their desire had come a sense of power that availed her nothing now. She stood a bound, naked, and defenseless girl for his attention. When he splayed across her breasts the braided thongs of the cat o' nine tails, there was about his act a finality, a punishment immutable as though she had been sentenced by a dozen judges. She would be flogged! Daphne turned the word over in her mind, 'flogged'. But would that be the end? When her back was cut and bloodied . . . ?







But her flogging was not yet. The Man was an expert in suspense. She would pay his debt, but in his own way and in his own time. Her sex throbbed with longing for climactic relief. Her mind yearned for freedom. Both were denied by the fresh strictures and postures in which he found delight. She supposed that in some perverted way of his own he saw in her contorted bondage a retribution for his fancied wrong. Daphne screamed into her gag at the wide stretching of her legs and the rod beneath her bound arms. Her eyes pleaded for a mercy that was not there. When she was raised by but a single leg the pain was devastating. Her ankle screamed soundlessly. Her naked breasts tautened under the strain. She knew her hair spread in lovely disarray upon the floor beneath her head. She gazed up into the eyes of The Man. "In an hour, you will service me," he said.

Daphne moaned in joy.





High Strung





Dammit, I gave them everything they asked for. I felt an absolute idiot walking in there in that Grecian affair, even if it was beautiful and becoming. I even carried the bottle of wine. I was supposed to be a lovely bacchante. And there was supposed to be a party. Phillip was to be there, and all the gang. Gail had wanted me early.

There wasn't anyone there but me!

"You're too, too perfect." Gail was enraptured.

I felt better. Gail is quite special. I gave her the bottle to put in the fridge, and looked around. It was then I saw the rope.

"It's just for a sort of stage effect, Dorrie. You won't mind?"

I said, no, I wouldn't mind. I held out my hands . . .





It's a damn funny feeling to be tied. I didn't like it. I liked it less when Gail broke the news there wasn't any Phillip and there wasn't a party. Just she and I. Real cozy. "O.K.," I said, then let me out of this. It hurts, and it's messing up my gown, and my bottom's out in the cold. Come to think of it, what did you do this for anyway?"

"Just for you, darling."

"Good. Now let me loose."

"I couldn't do that, Dorrie, not after all this trouble. I'll just pull on this rope a bit more. Don't you feel sexy?"

It was an awful feeling. I was getting scared. "I don't feel sexy, and I'm upside down and I can't do a thing, and I want to be let loose," I told her bluntly. "Stop it! My tits are hanging out."

She put her hand between my legs and felt around. "Seel!" I told her accusingly. "My puss isn't even damp, and not likely to be."

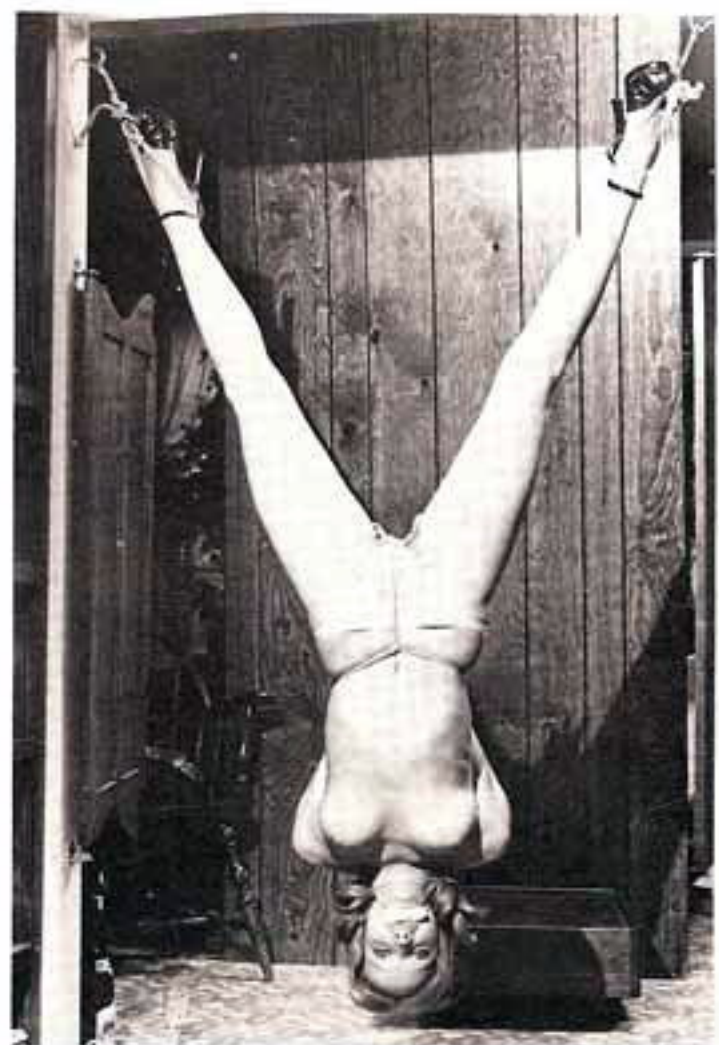
"But I can cure that, darling."

"Anybody can play with me like this until I come. It isn't clever. Let me down! Oh please, Gail, be nice. Let me loose."

No answer! Just those damn hands doing everything they could think of to me, and me helpless as a worm in a can. I tried tears. When they didn't work I howled. Gail gagged me quick. That hurt too. It was beastly. I sat there on the floor all tied up tight and near enough to naked. She'd knotted a rope several times round my arms above my elbows and pulled it so tight my forearms became one. It stuck my tits out, it tore at my shoulders. It hurt so bad I'd have done anything to get it off. Gail kept sampling my pussy. When her hand came up wet she was pleased as punch.







I never had a chance. Gail was cute. Every time she changed my bondage I fought. Oh how I did fight! But it was quite useless. She always kept some bit of me tied, my feet or my neck or a rope on one ankle. It was always enough to defeat me. Gail handled me with an ease that made me ashamed. I kept feeling that surely I ought to be able to do something! But I never could. I never even managed to get rid of that damn gag. The most annoying thing about it was the heat growing in my puss. It must have been Gail's suggestion, maybe. It sure made no sense. Here I was getting cruelly abused and scared out of my skin and my cunt got to throbbing as though Charles Bronson and Robert Redford were sitting on each side.

It was a really shitty deal. I mean, the things she did to me! Gail had a 'thing' about upside down with my feet spread wide. But she never touched my bush. I almost wished she would. I'd have been grateful for anything that didn't hurt. My wrists and elbows were tied so damn tight I could have howled. Except for my panties I was stark naked.

"You're twice as nice a girl tied." Gail told me seriously.

I shook my head and wriggled to show I didn't agree.

"I'm so glad you see it my way, dear," Gail said demurely. "Here, let me test your quim again." She did. Her hand glistened, like drilling for oil. She rubbed it on my nose so I could smell my shame.

It was then she got that rope belt and the strand between my legs inside my cunt, panties and all. When she cinched it tight I orgasmed.







Getting put right side up didn't help me much. Gail branched out with other notions. A rod beneath my elbows, or stretching my legs, or fastened to a collar I had to wear on my neck and then my wrists tied to either end. It was as though she was compelling me to a bizarre ballet with herself as the choreographer. Through it all I had this strange sensation of being twice as female as I normally am. I felt all breasts and pubes and buttocks and all the other bits and pieces that make a girl a girl. The things she was doing to me were the sort of things I could have imagined a man amusing himself with if he had an amenable wench. Gail's eyes were getting to me the same way a man's does sometimes when he undresses you in his mind and you know damn well what he's doing, but all you can do about it is bring your blouse or dress up tighter round your neck. But I couldn't do that. I couldn't do anything. But how Gail's eyes did burn!

The last was worst of all. To stand, bound to the pole. She even took my panties so I was stark naked. Then, she picked up the whip. After awhile the pain turned into a warm glow.

I'm not sure which of us won.



HAREM GIRL'S TORMENT





"I envy you in that costume, Lorna. It's a 'wow'. Just barely decent enough to get you by. You look special! Dick's lucky." Kathy grinned good-naturedly. "You will let me take the pictures?"

"Of course." Lorna glowed. The Costume Ball was going to be 'The Night', she was sure of it. "You'll have to do the posing, Kathy. How do you want me? Are these ropes for something?"

Kathy's heart thumped. This was the moment. She said brightly, "Oh, sure! I thought it would be appropriate. You know the sort of thing, 'The Harem Slave girl'. Sound okay?"

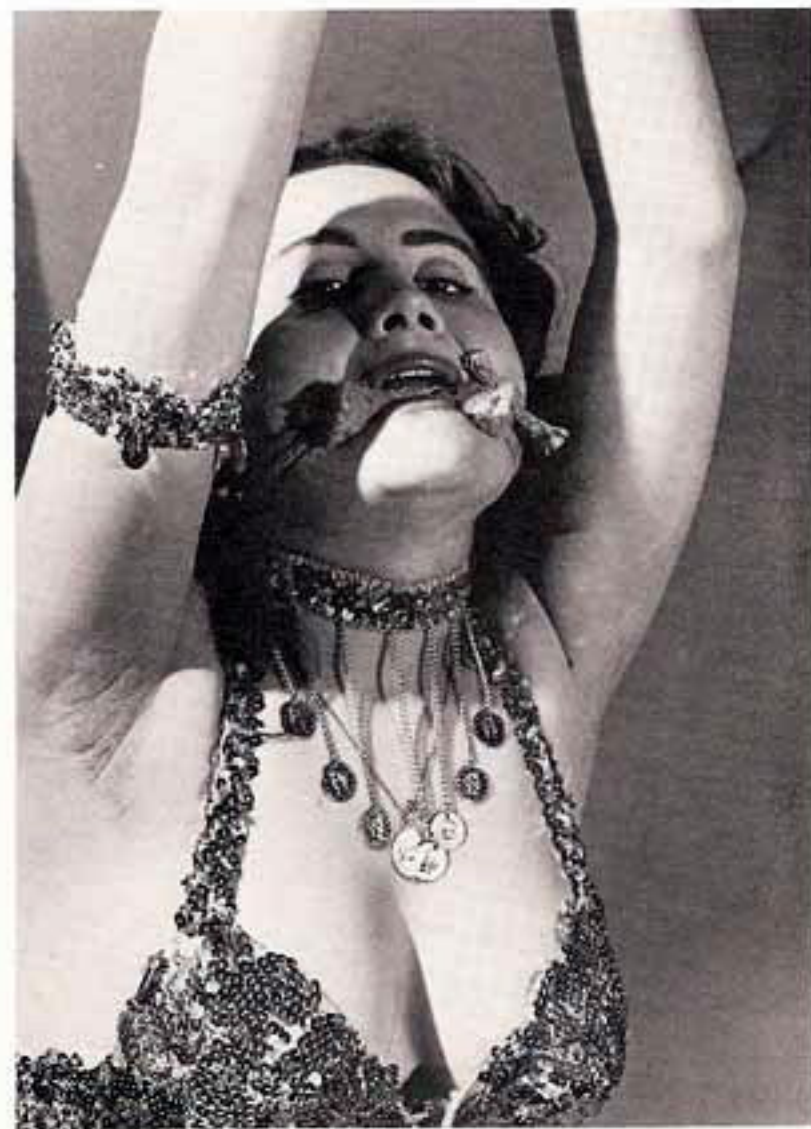
"Oh darling, you're clever. It adds a point to the costume. You'll have to tie me though. I can't do it myself. Are you going to bind me for real, or just make-believe?"

"Cameras are demanding; they won't be fooled." Kathy held her breath.

"That's O.K. I don't mind. In fact, make it good. Let's do this right." From her seat on the floor, Lorna held out willing hands, and watched with genuine curiosity as her best girlfriend bound them. It was not until the hoist had her halfway to the ceiling that the inevitable question came up. "Hey, Kath, what goes? You're not going to hang me up are you? I don't -"

Her sentence died. Kathy's gag killed it! Lorna bit and choked and shook her head. But the cord was knotted tight behind her neck. She had lost the privilege of speech. Only her eyes spoke for her. The look she turned to her companion held both affection and fear.

"Dick belongs to me, Lorna." Kathy said casually. "You're not going to the Ball. I'm going, and in your costume! You're staying here."







For Lorna it was the most bewildering and shaming time of her life. Her struggles so hurt her wrists that she soon ceased to tug at them. She was helpless and in the power of the girl who had trapped her. As torturing ties succeeded each shaming posture she knew an increasing fear. Kathy wasn't joking! This was real! The agony from being suspended by her corded wrists was a new experience. The stretching of her legs held a vague obscenity . . . until Kathy's hand found her opened sex and began to play.

"Twenty orgasms, darling." Kathy promised firmly. "I'll leave you limp."





It was like a macabre parody of a dance. Lorna wept, but her best friend cheerfully dried her tears and then imposed some fresh and painful pose. Lorna longed to tell her of the impossible torment of her bound wrists and how they could not bear her weight any longer. But she could say nothing. Kathy simply nodded brightly at the frantic motions of Lorna's head and eyes, and then once more placed her hand upon a palpitating sex strangely and inconceivably wet and throbbing. As the captured girl burst into climax after climax induced against her will – which she was powerless to combat – she knew the very acme of defeat and the nadir of despair.

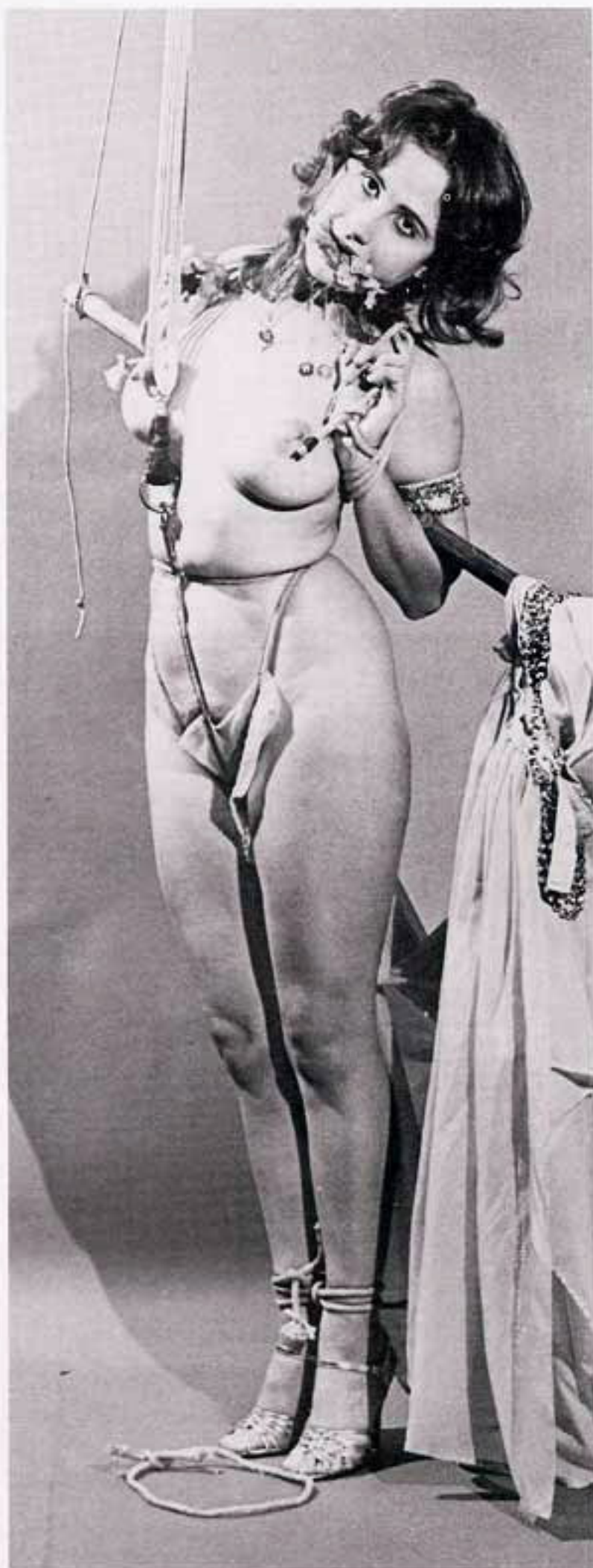
"You did steal him, didn't you, darling?"

Lorna unhappily nodded her head. She knew herself reprehensibly guilty. But to be punished like this! As the seeking hand once more sought her wet and swollen pubes, she writhed in a wild denial of a punishment she could not halt.

"Tonight I get him back, Lorna. Good thing my breasts are equally as good as yours. That lovely costume demands breasts. Dick likes them! And now, darling, I've got a lovely stretch coming up for you. It's going to hurt horribly and make you feel and look very foolish.









The quiet, with Kathy gone, was made doubly awful by the whip. Kathy had thoughtfully hung it where Lorna would see it waiting . . . waiting to stripe her flesh. She moaned and trembled. The rope within her sex seemed alive with a new hunger, but it was hunger for a girl, for Kathy. For her, Dick was gone, forever.



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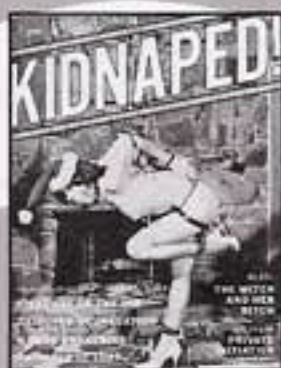
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KNOT GUILTY

It was not as though Masie hadn't known about the pictures. She had seen them before. She'd always wondered if Dirk left them around on purpose. She could guess his wish, which was to let herself be bound. She'd have to be nuts! And yet . . .

"I even brought the rope," Dirk said. His smile was the one she could never resist. Flustered, she dropped the photos on the floor.

"I have to be crazy to do this," Masie held out her hands.

"The thrill of your life, lover." His hands were busy with the rope.



"No, Dirk, don't strip me! Leave my clothes alone. Oh damn!"

It was a strange feeling. Part scary, part lovely, to be in the power of a man. The warm feeling between her legs fought a small battle against fear. Already, with bands cutting into her wrists, ankles, and elbows, she knew herself more helpless than ever in her life. She had become a partly naked doll for a man to play with. When Dirk produced the tape, the fear won.

"Don't gag me! No! Please, it'll frighten me. I'm scared enough now."

Dirk paid no heed. Fascinated, Masie watched him tug at the adhesive. She struggled desperately, but found herself captive of the stool on which she was bound. What a mockery to sit before the bar helpless and nude, and soon to be speechless. "Darling," she said abjectly, "don't make me hate you."

Dirk taped her lips. Masie could not struggle enough to matter. His fingers were strong as they firmly pressed the sticky stuff over her mouth. Her eyes were wide and pleading above the tapes.

"I chose the bar," Dirk said quietly. "It was at the Bar in the Windsor House that you started your little affair with George Reed. You are now going to finish that affair right here in bonds — bonds of love — mine!"





"You can't get loose, love," Dirk told her calmly, "but struggle by all means. It gives me a hard-on that can keep awhile. I don't mind telling you that the fun has just started. I'm going to make you know what it's like to be a female, a female owned — by me! Get it?"

Masie got it. Masie got it, but good! She watched miserably as her foot rose in the air and the cords bit savagely round her ankle. Yearningly, she shook her head in negation. If only she could speak! But speak she could not.







As her lover bound her in even more painful ways she could not resist. Masie saw herself prey to a strange erotic lust for the man she had betrayed. Her eyes went to the whip he had ostentatiously hung upon the wall. "That's for after," he said quietly. "Your final lesson."







Masie understood. She was being punished. Punished in Dirk's own erotic way; the way she had refused to recognize. Now she was in his grip. Naked, her breasts protested their taut exposure. Each fresh imposition of the demanding ropes thrust them into prominence. The postures were indecent. She knew they were meant to be. They were painful. It was bitterly humiliating to be obliged to yield again and again to some fresh revelation of her nakedness, some violation of her femininity. Dirk was cautious. Never was she free! No matter how he changed her bonds there would always be some part of her safely tied so that she could not protest. The gag was implacable. It kept her mute and without a weapon. Her tears were ignored.

"I'm asking good old George over for a drink, darling."

Masie froze within the strictures of her bonds. Her eyes flashed in wide appeal to those of the man who had her captive. In his eyes she saw the inevitability of purpose that would enable him to carry out his threat. She moaned silently. To be seen by George like this! It was too cruel, but she could understand Dirk's purpose. She would look absurd and unlovely. She and George would each be put in their place. Each would know they had transgressed. Her flesh would bear the punishment for both of them. Masie felt a strange glow of happiness; she did not understand it. Even the cruel cords on her neck and within her cunt could not kill her love — for Dirk.





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